CHURCHMAN ON TRIAL FOR ARSON.

George W. Holt's Case to Be Called This Week in Kings County.

The Accused One of the Pillars of Plymouth Church and Beecher's Friend.

He Owns a Handsome Home in One of the Most Aristocratic Districts of Brooklyn

DAUGHTERS TEACH SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

District-Attorney Backus Claims to Have Documentary Proof of Guilt, But Mr. Holt Seems Confident of Clearly Establishing His Innocence.

The trial for arson of George W. Holt, a prominent churchman of Brooklyn, will probably be begun this week in that city. The case promises to be full of sensational features.

Mr. Holt is fifty-five years old, and an old resident of Brooklyn, where he enjoys the respect of a large and influential circle of friends, who were surprised and shocked at the serious charges preferred against him. For many years he has been one of the pillars of Plymouth Church, and he was highly esteemed by Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Holt formerly lived in the First Ward, the old residential part of the city, but when the tide of population spread and wealth and fashion deserted the Heights for the Prospect Park slope, he migrated, too, and built a handsome mansion at No. 281 Garfield place. There he has since resided with his family, which consists of his wife and two daughters.

In appearance Mr. Holt is a solid looking business man. He dresses well, but quietly. He weighs about 190 pounds, is of medium height, and is stoutly built. He has a white mustache, but wears no beard. His hair is iron gray. Since his arrest he has aged perceptibly. His hair is grayer, his eye not so bright, his step less elastic. There are added lines to his face, evidence of the terrible strain to which he has been subjected.

But for all that he has never changed from the attitude he assumed when first confronted with the charge of arson. He then declared that the accusation was too ridiculous to merit serious consideration, and he still expresses confidence that he will be able to offer overwhelming proof of innocence.

Teach in Sunday-School.

Mrs. Holt is a quiet, intelligent, refined woman, who has done a great deal of charitable and missionary work, and is thought of highly by all her acquaintances. The two daughters are teachers in the Plymouth Church Sunday-school. The older sister is about twenty-five years old, the younger twenty-three. Neither is married. They are Mr. Holt's only children. They are both attractive young ladies who are very popular with their scholars. The Holts are spoken of in the highest terms by their neighbors. Mr. Holt, of course, has the sincere sympathy of all who know him, but his wife and daughters come in for even a large share of pity. Their position has been a particularly trying one, but they have borne themselves bravely and the high regard entertained for them has been strengthened by the way in which they have faced the trouble that has threatened the peace of their household.

Mr. Holt was indicted in May last by the Kings County Grand Jury for presenting false claims against the Philadelphia Fire Insurance Association. The fire upon which his claims were based, occurred on March 27, 1894, in the house of Max Gluckman, No. 175 South Eighth street, Brooklyn. Mr. Holt, at the time, was an insurance adjuster at No. 50 Pine street, in this city. He was also one of the men who were indicted in New York County on a charge of arson, based on the evidence of Samuel Milch, the self-confessed firebug. Mr. Holt was believed to have been connected with many other incendiary fires in this city, but the one for which he was indicted by the New York Grand Jury occurred on July 4, 1894, at No. 323 West Thirty-third street.

Vaughn Also Arrested.

Henry C. Vaughn, also an insurance adjuster, was arrested at the same time that Mr. Holt was. He had an office at No. 175 Broadway, and lived in West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. Vaughn is seventy years old, and, like Mr. Holt, bore an excellent reputation. They both pleaded not guilty in Kings County, and were put under $2,500 bonds each. Mr. Holt was bailed by President George G. Williams, of the Chemical National Bank, and by Charles M. Pratt, a son of the founder of the well-known Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn.

"This thing," said Mr. Holt at the time, "is too trivial to talk about. There is absolutely nothing in the charge. I have papers in my possession to prove my innocence."

District-Attorney Backus, however, asserted that he had documentary proof of Mr. Holt's guilt, and declared that when the firebug, Samuel Milch, became a fugitive, Mr. Holt went to Milch's house and destroyed a lot of checks and other papers which implicated Mr. Holt in the arson conspiracy.

Gluckman's house in South Eighth street, Brooklyn, was insured for $1,200 in the Philadelphia Fire Insurance Association. It was alleged that Vaughn, through Mr. Holt, presented fraudulent papers in support of the insurance claim.

A Handsome Residence.

Mr. Holt's Garfield place residence is a fine brownstone dwelling three stories in height. Its value is estimated at $25,000. It is on the corner of Polhemus place and extends a distance on the south side of that street. The neighborhood is one of the most aristocratic in Brooklyn.

Deputy Assistant District-Attorney Henry S. Davis, of this city, whose resignation from District-Attorney Olcott's staff recently went into effect, will aid District-Attorney Backus in the prosecution of all the firebug cases in Brooklyn. Mr. Davis assisted Vernon M. Davis in preparing all the cases against the firebugs convicted in New York. It is believed that several months will be consumed in the trial of the Brooklyn arson cases, of which Mr. Holt's will be the first, and, in all probability, the most important. Mr. Davis will receive a large salary for his services.

Harris, the other alleged firebug, whom the authorities have vainly tried to capture for six months past, lived in the same fashionable part of Brooklyn as Mr. Holt does. Harris's palatial home was within a few blocks of Mr. Holt's handsome residence. Harris, it will be remembered, was reported a few days ago as the captive of a quick-witted police chief at Monmouth, Ill., but when the New York detectives got to that town they found the prisoner was not Harris. When Harris was indicted he fled from his Brooklyn home. His wife and family are now said to be living in Toronto, Canada. Harris, it will be remembered, is implicated in the same case as Zuker, who was recently convicted and sentenced to thirty-six years in State Prison. Mr. Holt, curiously enough, is also accused of being in the Zuker conspiracy.

Believes Him Innocent.

"I don't believe that Mr. Holt is guilty," said one of his neighbors yesterday. "No one hereabouts does. It's an easy matter nowadays to find an indictment against a man, but not so easy to prove so serious a charge. Any one to look at Mr. Holt could tell he is not a firebug. He is a good husband, a good father, a good neighbor, a good churchman and a good citizen. It's a trumped-up charge, and he will clear himself without a doubt."

GOSSIP FROM THE BOOK STALLS.

"Books have cut a very important figure this year in the holiday buying," it was said yesterday at Harper & Brother's. "The sales in every department of literature have been enormous, and our facilities have been taxed to the utmost to meet the heavy demand." The same story was told at E. P. Dutton & Co.'s Twenty-third street establishment, where a member of the firm also said that there had been a remarkable return of the demand for Christmas cards and leaflets, the sale of which has fallen off to a considerable extent the past few years at the holiday season.

These matters were attributed to the hard times which have dictated the choice rather of permanently valuable presents, to be secured at moderate rates, than extremely costly gifts of limited intrinsic value and of ephemeral vogue. A book is a book, and its worth has no bounds of time, while the artistic cards and gorgeous booklets have their lasting place in decorative schemes, and preserve standard poems and literary titbits in a form to always delight the eye.

Local publishers report an unprecedentedly large demand in the West for their books. In that section of the country, the dealers, apprehensive of a slackened trade on account of the financial pressure of the times, had not bought heavily for this holiday season, and they suddenly found themselves unable to supply the enormous call for books of every sort. The result has been a rush of orders to this city, which have kept the presses running at full speed to meet the demand. Touching this condition of affairs in the book trade, the Dutton representative already quoted said: "This is something the dealers will never learn. In hard times people always buys books, and this season is another proof of it. The dealers forgot the lesson which has so often been impressed upon them, and at the very last moment they are now frantically looking in every direction to fill their counters with books."

Never before was there such an array of beautiful books at moderate prices, and only to see them is to determine to buy them.

At the moment the publishers are in a "between season." The Christmas books have all been announced, and every buyer and every reader may know of them. The promises of the advertisements have been kept, and there is now only the embarassment of riches to be encountered. To a large extent, also, announcements have been made of the forthcoming books, destined to attract the attention later of the more deliberate buyer, uninfluenced by the contagion of Christmas shopping.

While the sod yet lies fresh on the grave of the lamented Du Maurier, two volumes offered by Harper & Brother have a special interest—"English Society," which contains about 100 illustrations by this inimitable artist in a province which he made peculiarly his own pictorially, and lustrations by Du Maurier embellish the Felix Moscheles portrays the artist amid his friends and in his studies. Many illustrations by Dy Maurier embellish the book, which introduces the reader to him in the most intimate relations.

It is reported by the magazine publishers that subscriptions to their periodicals have been a very popular form of Christmas gifts this season.

Charles Scribner's Sons have imported an edition of George Meredith's works, in thirty-two volumes, the first uniform and complete edition offered in America, which is to contain, in addition to all the novels and poems now familiar, much work never before given out in book form. A limited number of the 1,000 sets to be printed will come to this country. A new portrait of the author will appear in this edition.

Among the forthcoming attractions of the Century will be a vivid story of border life by Stephen Crane, author of "The Red Badge of Courage."

G. P. Putnam's Sons issue a sumptuous edition of Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," in two large octavo volumes, with photogravure illustrations especially prepared for this edition by eminent artists. Margaret Armstrong also contributes some charming colored borders.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the first volume of an important historical work, "The Beginners of a Nation," by Edward Eggleston, the forerunner of a great historical compilation with the general title of "A History of Life in the United States." Mr. Eggleston has been engaged on this work for the greater part of the last sixteen years, and his first volume deals with the causes and motives of the seventeenth century migrations to America.

Charles Bailey Fernald, whose stories and studies of Chinese character have attracted wide attention of late, contributes a story in a new vein to the January Century. It is a tale of the sea, with a tragic element, and bears the striking title of "The Lights of Sitka."

It is interesting to note that Harper & Brothers, the publishers of Charles H. Haswell's entertaining reminiscences of an octogenarian of the city of New York, recently issued under the name of "Old New York," underestimated the popularity of the work, and failed to print enough of it to meet the very large demand it has aroused. New editions are in rapid preparation, however, and the book will soon be offered again to purchasers.

The list of "Unique Books," compiled by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has been liberally drawn upon by Christmas buyers, as any one of them makes in itself a delightful and valuable gift. The best expert skill has been employed in the selection of the illustrations, in the inlaying of plates, and in the binding of the volumes.

Mr. Howells's "Story of a Play," which is to appear as one of the early attractions of Scribner's Magazine next year, will present the novelist in his most delightful vein of light comedy. It will be full of amusing situations, and will give for the first time in American fiction an accurate description of a young auther's adventures in securing the production of his play.

Mr. Cable has written a series of four short stories for next year's Scribner's Magazine, the only ones he has written for many years past.

A letter written by General Andrew Jackson to James Monroe shortly after the battle of New Orleans is published, it is believed, for the first time, in the January Century, in the course of an article on "Napoleon's Interest in the Battle of New Orleans." Napoleon was shown this letter by Mr. Monroe, and, struck by the fact of the American victory and the slight loss in killed and wounded, in spite of what seemed overwhelming disadvantages and odds, he planned the formation of troops of sharpshooters, armed with American guns, a scheme which the defeat at Waterloo prevented being carried into effect.

The almost indispensable "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations" appears in a ninth edition, enlarged to 1,172 pages, from the press of Little, Brown & Co.

In these days of careless speaking and writing, Alfred Ayres's handbooks of correct English, "The Orthoepist," "The Verbalist," "The Mentor," etc., as they appear in their revised and enlarged form from the Appletons, deserve attention.

Miss Katherine B. Wood's "Quotations for Occasions," issued by the Century Company, has not only achieved a remarkable holiday success, but will assuredly become a standard book.

It is a fact not generally known that Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book" published in this country by the Century Company, are being extensively employed as reading books in primary schools. A new edition of the works has just been issued.

PICKPOCKET'S PLAINT OF HARD FORTUNE.

Indignant at Being Convicted as a Common Burglar and on His Record.

Proud of His Thieving Ability but Not Just That Sort of Criminal.

Patrick Flannigan Tells How He Arduously Trained to Become Light-Fingered.

FUTILE EFFORTS TO BECOME HONEST.

Reputation Against Him—Instilled with an Ambition to Steal at Correctionary Institutions—Methods of a Forger.

When Patrick Flannigan was taken from the Tombs to Sing Sing yesterday to serve a five years' sentence, he protested that he was innocent. "I'm not a common burglar," he said, "I'm a trained pickpocket."

He considered his conviction on the charge of having robbed a Houston street grocery store a reflection on his ability, and, although he has spent nearly half of his thirty-two years of life behind prison bars, he protested that however bad a man may be he should not be convicted on his record. Besides, he claimed that his record showed he had never stooped to stealing sugar, beans and coffee.

Flannigan has gone to prison this time as George Mack. He is as good an example of the inherent criminal as was ever born on the East Side. He claims to have tried to reform on several occasions, and a part of his story, told in the Tombs, was of the difficulties in the way of a marked man turning over a new leaf. He is a small man, a bundle of nerves and muscles, with an eye that criminologists describe as a bad one. His career as an offender began when he was eleven years old. He was then an East Side urchin, with a reckless father and a disagreeable stepmother. He wouldn't go to school, and for this and other bad traits, he was sent to the Catholic Protectory.

Studying to Be a Thief.

"That was the beginning of my criminal career," he said. "The boys in the Protectory told me how easy it was to pick pockets and when I got out I concluded to be a professional pickpocket. A number of us got together and trained in a garret with a professional to teach us. He rigged up a string of pockets on a pole and they were so arranged that if fumbled a bell would ring. First we dropped coins in the pockets as rapidly as possible. When we were able to do this without ringing the bell once we were told we were doing well. Then we took the coins out. That was harder, and it took a long time to get along without jingling that bell. I tell you I worked hard. If I had studied as hard I might be a lawyer now or maybe a judge sending other fellows to Sing Sing."

Flannigan said he got along finely for several years. He could do a trick as neatly as an old timer, and relieved many a man of his watch and money. When fifteen years old, however, he was caught stealing a watch from a man on Vandam street and was sent to Blackwell's Island for three months. When he got out he went to Buffalo and worked at the race track. It was a profitable field, but he was too bold one day and as a result he spent a year in the Erie County Penitentiary in 1884 and 1885. When released Flannigan says he concluded that American detectives were too sharp for him.

"I shipped to Liverpool, England," he went on, "and was eleven months with the cockneys. I spent five months of that time in prison, so I concluded to come home. England has enough pickpockets of her own, and nobody can teach them tricks. They have the business down fine. American pickpockets had better stay at home."

After returning Flannigan had a year of liberty. He claims he tried to get work, but the only recommendation he could get was for faithful service in prison, and that wouldn't go with the average employer. Finally he went to picking pockets again. For several months he was not detected, but one day, after going through a man's pockets, the victim grabbed him by the collar and called an officer. The next three and a half years were spent at Sing Sing. On his release this time the first thing he did was to fall in love. The girl was Jesse Hallahan, the pretty daughter of a longshoreman. They were married before either she or her parents knew of his career.

Futile Efforts to Reform.

"Then I did make up my mind to reform," said Flannigan, with emphasis on "did." "I was looking for work, when Hallahan learned who I was. He had his daughter committed to a home, and I was told I could never see her again. That discouraged me, and I resumed my old work. I thought I was too smart, though, and grabbed a tray of eighty-two watches from the showcase of a jewelry store and went up four years for it."

He got out in 1893, and six months later was sentenced for two and a half years for taking a watch from a man's pocket. Because of good behavior Flannigan was released fourteen months ago, and then began his second genuine effort to reform. He told Captain O'Brien of his intentions, and the latter got him a place as gripman on the Broadway street car line.

"Some one told the boss who I was," says Flannigan, "and a few days later I was fired."

Captain O'Brien helped him again, and he obtained work as longshoreman on the dock of the People's Albany line. He stuck to the work through terrible anguish, he claims, until one day he fainted while wheeling a heavy truck. Then he was discharged. Later he worked on the Savannah dock, but blood poison resulted from a cut, and he had to go to the hospital. When he got out again he happened to be on Spring street, when one man was knocked down by another. Flannigan joined the crowd, and because the policeman knew him he was arrested. He waited trial three months in the Tombs, and then wrote to Commissioner Roosevelt. The latter, Flannigan says, brought about his release.

By this time he was getting tired of reforming, but he says he stuck to it. He was living with Mary McCarthy, whom he intended to marry when he got a divorce, and on the night of October 15 he and Mary stayed with her parents in their rooms at the rear of No. 292 Houston street. There is a grocery store in the front, and during the night a lot of groceries were taken from it. A trail of sugar that escaped from a package led to the rooms of the McCarthys. The detectives found Flannigan asleep in the rear room and arrested him. McCarthy and his wife were also arrested.

McCarthy pleaded guilty to having received the goods, but says they were brought in by three young men, whose names he gave to the police. Flannigan said he was asleep all the time. He quarrelled with the lawyer assigned him by the Court, and would make no defence except to deny his guilt. He was tried before Judge McMahon by Assistant District-Attorney O'Hare and was found guilty. Mr. O'Hare said that although Flannigan was found asleep, the circumstantial evidence against him convinced the jury that he was guilty, and the Court held the same opinion. Lawyer Westervelt was assigned to his case while it was in progress, but Flannigan would not take the stand himself and nothing could be done for him.

ONLY BROKEN NEW YEAR VOWS.

Magistrate Mott Found 105 Awaiting Him in Yorkville Court Yesterday.

When Magistrate Mott reached Yorkville Police Court yesterday, he found the largest batch of prisoners that had ever been arraigned in the court awaiting him. The police of the eight precincts in the Yorkville district, between the hours of noon on Friday and 6 o'clock yesterday morning, gathered in 105 prisoners.

The majority of the prisoners were men who had made too many calls, and taken too many mixed drinks. All of them were allowed to go upon payment of a nominal fine.

Many of the men looked as though they had had a "good time," and not a few had their heads swathed in bandages.

Mary Flood and Delia Fitzgibbon, two women prisoners, had been arrested at No. 327 East Fifty-fourth street. They were fined $3 each for their celebration.

Following the women came two boys, who had been arrested at midnight in such a state of intoxication that they could not stand. The first was Edward Kennedy, thirteen years old, of No. 167 East Eighty-fifth street, and the other was John Rowe, fourteen, of No. 504 West Fifty-fifth street. They declared they had only been drinking lemonade. The boys were sent to the Gerry Society.

TONY TALKED TOO MUCH.

That Is Why He Is the Only One Held a Prisoner on Suspicion of Killing Lauzina.

Vito Lauzina's fondness for whisky and women cost him his life New Year's Day. He was killed by some one of his compatriots, who live along the river front, near the Bride, in Brooklyn. The police do not know who committed the crime, and there is little chance of their finding out, for Vito's friends are going on the principle that one dead compatriot is enough, and that just because Vito has been killed there is no need of the State killing off his murderers. Besides, if there is to be any vengeance they are willing to look after it themselves.

Until after the inquest on Vito, his former friend, Tony Carrero, will be a prisoner in the Raymond Street Jail. Tony was so anxious to show the police that he did not know anything about the crime that he told a dozen different stories. While he is locked up his shoe business at York and Gold streets is suffering, and in this way he is likely to be the only one to pay any penalty for the crime.

Vito lived at No. 211 York street, and with a number of friends celebrated New Year's Day. When he got so full that he could hardly stand his friends took him home. He wouldn't stay there, and went out to see some women whom he knew. In front of his home he met one of them. As he talked to her a man came along and hit with his fist. Vito staggered to one of the uprights of the elevated road and leaned against it. There a friend found him five minutes later. The woman and the man who struck the blow had gone. The police were called and started to take Vito to the hospital, but he died on the way. Then the police went out and gathered in a dozen Italians, who had seen the assault. They had forgotten all about it by the time they were taken to the police station, and they have not recovered their memories yet.

The Coroner held an autopsy yesterday and decided that if Lauzina had not been so full of whiskey the blow would not have killed him.

RENOUNCES HIS TITLES.

Comte de Toulouse Lautrec Says He Will Become an American Citizen and Cares Nothing for Honors.

The gentleman known as Comte de Toulouse Lautrec, who had some trouble with the police, was held for trial by Judge Mott, and later acquitted, has sent a letter to the Journal reciting his claims to the name he has given. His right to call himself count has been questioned by the Russian Consul General, and he recites his proofs at some length, concluding:

"I am a Russian Nihilist, having taken refuge in the United States over a year ago, and taken out my first papers of citizenship under the name of Nicolas Erasme de Savine de Toulouse Lautrec (and that certainly is my name), renouncing the yoke of the Czar of Russia, and also my titles of nobility, which, as a matter of fact, I care absolutely nothing for. They are a stupidity and an anachronism, these titles of nobility, at the end of the nineteenth century, and especially in a free and republican country like the United States of America."

Work of Art for Sportsmen.

The first annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests, from the press of the Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company, State printers, is a veritable work of art. The report covers the period between April 25, 1895 (the date of the organization of the present Commission), and September 30, 1895, and shows the great work accomplished by the present Commissioners during that comparatively short interval. One of the most attractive, as well as instructive, features of this model report is the colored illustrations, which reproduce with such accuracy and finish of execution various specimens of game fish.

THE POLICE DOGS OF WESTCHESTER.

They Are Three, and Are Recognized Fixtures on the Force.

"Buttons," "Parkhurst" and "Dennett" and Their Several Occupations.

Each Has a Place in Station House or Stable and His Own Line of Duty.

ALL PARTIAL TO BRASS AND BLUE.

The First Comer Was "Buttons," Who Joined When the Metropolitan Force Moved into the Annexed District.

If the saying that dogs like good people is true, then the police of the Westchester Precinct must certainly be particularly good, for dogs come to them and cling to them in a way that is remarkable and touching. One reason may be the multitude of dogs in Westchester, else the policemen are kindly disposed toward their canine friends. At all events Westchester now has three police dogs, and they are all remarkable for something.

The first one was "Buttons," who entered Westchester with the police at the time of annexation. This dog saw the patrol wagon as it went up Seventh avenue, in Harlem, on its way to Westchester on that June day when the annexation bill took effect.

Doggy ran alongside and barked. The policemen noticed him, but thought he would leave after a block or two. Doggy kept right on. The police drove up through Mott Haven, Morrisania and West Farms, and out to Westchester. Doggy was sometimes a little ahead, again some distance behind, but always within sight and ever on a run.

Arrived in Westchester, the dog contentedly stayed with the police. The policemen became interested in him, and he became a favorite with them, and was given the name of "Buttons."

One day "Buttons" got into a fight with a village dog. The fight was a severe one while it lasted, but, as is often the case with men, once the fight was over the dogs became friends, and the village dog made the Town Hall, where the police were quartered, his headquarters. The dog was rough and scraggy in appearance, but of an affectionate nature, and was perfectly contented as long as he could be near any one who wore a policeman's uniform. He made himself so popular with the men that they permitted him to remain and named him "Parkhurst." "Parkhurst" has made quite a record for himself. As a fighter he never attacks first, and generally comes out best at the finish. He follows the officers out on post, and occasionally makes trips to the sub-stations at Wakefield and City Island, and even over to the station house in the Tremont Precinct. "Parkhurst" regards all policemen as his friends, and feels at home in any station house.

Now the day force has been increased by a very handsome Boston terrier, which strolled into the new station house in Westchester on the [illegible] out of the old Town [illegible] sisted upon staying ever [illegible] pears friendly and faithful and dubbed "Dennett," supposedly after [illegible] get" Dennett. Each dog has his particular duty in the precinct, which they have taken upon themselves. "Buttons" has recently made his home at the police stables. "Dennett" remains on house duty at the station house and "Parkhurst" goes on tour throughout the precinct.

HURT AND LOST IN THE PARK.

Corrigan Was Badly Cut About the Head in a Family Fight and Started for the Police.

James Corrigan, of No. 214 East Eighty-first street, was found in a semi-dazed condition at the north side of the Arsenal shortly after 2 o'clock yesterday morning by Park Policeman John O'Brien. Corrigan was cut badly about the head.

After some difficulty the policeman learned his name and address, and took Corrigan to the Presbyterian Hospital. Corrigan said his brother-in-law, whose name he did not give, had assaulted him. He left his home intending to go to the Eighty-eighth Street Police Station, he said, to make a complaint and have his brother-in-law arrested, but lost his way. He did not remember how he reached Central Park.

Corrigan left the hospital to go home, and said he would make a complaint against his brother-in-law.

Francis Oscar's Sudden Death.

The police report of the sudden death of Francis Oscar, on Friday night, after a frolic in a tenement house in Third avenue, gave the wrong number. Mr. Oscar did not die at No. 763 Third avenue.